

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN

### LEAP FROM SHIP TO SHIP

#### Thrilling Scene in Mid-Ocean

#### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Our brave little ships did not disappear from the sea with the passing of the Elizabethans. The timber-laden schooner, B. B. Hardwick, bound from Nova Scotia to Madeira, was but 149 tons, and her total crew only five, but she has had great adventures.

The little ship had been eight days on her voyage when a great gale broke upon her, sweeping the deck-load to port. Captain H. H. King, a brave and resourceful skipper, put his helm about to run before the storm, but the seas were lashed to incredible turbulence, and the schooner seemed as a plaything of giants, tossed to and fro among waters rising like mountains all around her.

#### Battle With Wind and Wave

The ship appears to have lain at the very heart of the storm, for, frightful waves dashed from all quarters upon her, sweeping away everything on deck, snapping the masts, and causing the ship to leak badly.

For a night and a day the five men fought the winds and seas. Wreckage overhanging the sides battered furiously, threatening to sink the ship. Reeling and staggering at their work, the men hacked the wreckage away and let it fall into the sea. Water was still rising in the ship, so they lashed themselves to the pumps, and pumped all night.

Then they found that the water had gained on them, and was deeper than when they began pumping.

At last a steamer sighted and bore down upon them, and Captain King and one of his men jumped overboard to secure a lifebelt and line which she threw out to them. But they could not reach this means of rescue in so terrible a sea, and so swam back, breathless.

#### A Leap for Life

Then an oil steamer appeared, and poured oil on the troubled waters. The oil drifted with the wind and calmed the waters about the schooner, so that the tanker could safely approach. Then the captain and his men jumped for their lives, not into the sea, but from deck to deck.

A splendid man was the oil tank's captain. He took his big upstanding ship alongside the squat and tiny schooner, and yelled, "When the next sea raises you to our height—jump!" The right sea came; the schooner was lifted, and the men leaped.

Only one man shrank from the leap. The ordeal was too terrible for his overstrained nerves, and he preferred to risk delay and death to that flying jump through the storm. But he was rescued later, and all's well that ends well.

### King's Sons On Their Way to School



Prince Albert and Prince Henry cycling to college in Cambridge

### LATENESS COSTS A GOOD MAN'S LIFE

#### Engine-Driver's Last Sacrifice

James Dennis, engine-driver, of Londonderry, has given his life for his duty.

Instead of being reasonably warned that he was needed to take a train on its round of duty at five o'clock in the morning, he received the notice only a quarter of an hour before the start.

The result was that he had to rush hastily to his engine, without breakfast, without lacing his boots, and without his overcoat, to drive into the cold, penetrating morning air.

The result was an attack of pneumonia, from which he died. Recognising that Dennis was a victim to duty, through hurry that ought not to have been needed, the Recorder awarded £300 to the wife of the faithful driver.

Money is a poor balance for human worth, but it is pleasant to feel that devotion to work is not unrecognised.

### NOT FRIGHTENED BY THE KAISER

#### A Story of Mr. Stead

One of the bravest men who ever took part in English public life was Mr. W. T. Stead, who would have loved the Children's Newspaper had he lived, instead of drowning in the Titanic.

One of the most-quoted phrases in English politics in our time has been the phrase "Two keels to one," which came to mean that for the defence of these islands we should lay down two keels—or build two ships—for every one that Germany built against us.

The story has just been told of how Mr. Stead first made the phrase. In the days when he was the best journalist in England, he went to Berlin and met the Very Great Personage, who said to him, "Don't be frightened."

"Oh, no, we won't," said Mr. Stead. "For every Dreadnought you build we will build two!" And that was how the phrase "two keels to one" began.

### VANISHED MAN MYSTERY OF A COAL-MINE

#### Manager Who Went Down Never to be Seen Again

#### DISAPPEARANCES IN SKY AND EARTH AND SEA

A remarkable story is told in the official report of the Chief Inspector of Mines.

On June 5, 1918, the under-manager of certain seams in the Mapperley colliery, near Ilkeston, Derbyshire, entered the mine on a visit of inspection. He was seen by his son and two workmen in the pit, walking along one of the galleries. From that moment he disappeared.

Every inch of the colliery has been explored, every fall in the pit has been examined. Two dangerous old roads full of carbonic acid gas were inspected by rescue brigades. All catch-water drains were investigated. Dogs were taken down to join in the search for the vanished man, but all in vain. The company and the relatives carried on the search week after week; they even called in the aid of a spiritualist, lest there should be any possibility of hope in such a thing as that.

#### Into the Unknown

But nothing happened, and no trace of the lost man has ever been found, though the owners of the mine have spent £2000 in searching for him.

Thomas Severn, the under-manager, aged 46, has joined the legion of the lost. He went down into a great hive of industry, and we know no more of what happened then than we know of what happened to Gustav Hamel, who went up into the air in his aeroplane in 1914, and was never seen again; or of Herr Andree, the Swedish engineer who set out in a balloon from Dane's Island 22 years ago, with two friends, to fly to the North Pole, and has never been heard of since; or of Henry Hudson, whose dismal fate in the icy sea that bears his name has been for over three centuries a tragic mystery.

#### Mystery of the Courier

The startling story recalls a mystery of history which we shall never solve with certainty, concerning the death of Benjamin Bathurst. During the Napoleonic wars, in 1809, he left Berlin with despatches, and rode towards Hamburg, to take ship for England.

On the road to Hamburg he disappeared as completely as Thomas Severn. He was never traced, but fragments of clothing, which may have been his, were found at Lutzen, and a supposition is that he was waylaid and murdered by agents of Napoleon in order to get his despatches.

The number of our biographies is legion, but there remains to be written a thrilling volume of those whose fate we do not know.

E. A. B.



## CAPTAIN'S RACE WITH DEATH HERO OF A MUTINY How He Gave the Alarm Before He Died

### MAN FIT FOR ST. PAUL'S

We are out of Russia at last. Our troops have withdrawn from Archangel and Murmansk, and the story of our attempt to help Russia to help herself is ended so far as land fighting is concerned.

None too soon. Many of the Russians with whom we were allied proved as unstable as water, as treacherous as a fox, and our own men never knew for long whether the Russian troops on their flanks and rear might not prove as deadly enemies as the Bolsheviks in front.

A typical example of this occurred on the Dvina, in villages near Troitsa, where two Russian battalions, under British command, were part of the united force helping to hold the advanced line on our Archangel front. The Russians had seemed loyal enough.

#### Scene in a Hut

Only two months earlier 200 had fought bravely under four British officers, with 250 other troops, and defeated 3000 Bolsheviks. But eight weeks went by, and they betrayed their friends and mutinied, shooting down their officers.

There were three posts, two on the river bank, each covering a flank, the third, Kucherika, forming battalion headquarters. Everything seemed quiet, normal, and comfortable, and Kucherika was apparently sleeping, save for its sentries; but suddenly, at two in the morning, firing broke out from machine-guns on high ground behind the huts in which the officers lay.

In one hut were four British officers. One was shot dead; two others fought their way to the river, where both were slain; and the fourth was Captain Barr. He was shot through the shoulder.

#### Feigning Death

He fell, apparently dead, but the brave man feigned death while the mutineers raged about him. There was a British monitor on the river, and he resolved to make for it and carry news of the mutiny so that the rest of the force might be saved from the murderers. He could not be sure what was happening at the other villages; they might have risen, too; only the monitor could be guaranteed staunch.

Waiting his time, he seized what seemed a favourable moment, and then dashed for the river. But he was at once seen and pursued by mutineers. "Kill him!" they yelled, firing as they ran. "Kill the officer; don't let him escape."

The captain received a second wound, but he raced on, entering the water with half a mile to swim before he could give warning. Mutineers rushed to the bank, firing, and four more shots struck the devoted captain. But, feeble and yet feebler, he laboured on, his life-blood dyeing the water as he swam.

#### Why Not St. Paul's?

With six ghastly wounds he reached the ship and gave the alarm; and then he died.

The mutiny was quelled after sharp and bitter fighting, thanks to British officers being able to hold loyal Russians steady; and when General Grogan, V.C., arrived in his pyjamas with a few British engineers, the tragedy was over.

This is the sort of thing that happened to our men in Russia, and the sacrifice of Captain Barr was characteristic of the conduct of the small bodies of troops who kept the British line in the midst of open danger and sudden treachery. Cannot his body be brought home to St. Paul's?

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Over 350 million War Savings Certificates have now been sold.

A great shipping strike at Marseilles is holding up 9000 passengers.

Fires in South-East France have lately destroyed 170 square miles of forests.

A marrow grown in the Isle of Wight measured 3 ft. 5 ins. and weighed 37 lb.

The Australian Government is offering £10,000 for the discovery of oil in the Commonwealth.

Ealing is cutting up all dead trees in its parks and highways to help its people with fuel this winter.

Three hundred and fifty apples were gathered from one bough of an apple tree at Pephard, near Henley.

Women police are doing splendid work in London. In one month they gave First Aid in 7000 accidents.

#### Offener in Prison than Out

A man of 33, sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Knutsford, had been 22 years of his life in prison.

#### Gone in Smoke

Last year £138,000,000 was spent in tobacco in the United Kingdom. It would have paid the rent of a cottage for every family in the land.

#### United They Stand

Agricultural labourers have now a union of their own, and last year its members grew from 36,000 to 100,000, a record in Trade Union history.

#### The Two Gifts

The only gifts received through an appeal for furnishing a club for discharged soldiers and sailors at Finchley were a Bible and a pack of cards.

#### World's Coal for 1000 Years

China has coal under 400,000 square miles of her land, and it is said the province of Shen Si could supply the world with coal for a thousand years.

#### A Million More Seats

There are 850 more buses running in London now than at the Armistice. There are also more trams, and altogether a million extra passengers can now find seats.

#### Bound in Chains

A man has called at the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street bound in chains from head to foot to draw public attention to the grievances of discharged soldiers and sailors.

#### A Cyclone in India

A cyclone in Bengal has destroyed many villages and drowned large numbers of people. The sugar cane crop has suffered enormously.

#### The Man Nobody Wants

Paul Freeman, the man who has been on the seas for weeks, unable to land because neither America nor Australia will have him, and who was at last interned pending an inquiry in Australia, has now been put out to sea again as a German.

#### The Siberian Troops

Science saved the Allied armies from typhoid and typhus, but the Siberian troops have 1000 typhus cases daily, and have had this year 130,000.

#### A House in Thirty Days

Sir Charles Ruthen has built a house at Newton, near Swansea, in thirty days. It has single brick walls, faced with cement.

#### How to Multiply

A sailor at Barking brought nine potatoes home from Mesopotamia, and planted them in his allotment. He took them up last month, and they had grown to 858. One root had 138 potatoes on it.

#### Death from a Blackberry Thorn

A Liverpool physician, who won the M.C. as a captain in the Army, has died from a prick from a thorn while gathering blackberries. He was just home from his honeymoon.

## TERRIBLE GAMBLE THAT FAILED

### The Days when no Ship was Safe at Sea

We know at last the actual truth about the work of the U-boats. The Germans believed they would end the war with victory for them, and for months the Allies feared it might be so. Now we know.

The total number of ships attacked by submarines in that terrible year when they seemed likely to break down the whole of civilisation was 3826. Of these they sank 2099, and 1727 got home again, more or less damaged.

The U-boat campaign was the German gamble for victory; she sank everything at sight, to whomsoever it belonged, and whatever the consequences might be, because she believed such frightfulness would win the war for her, and the consequences would not matter.

#### What the Submarines Did

The absolute total figures are now published of the damage done by submarines to merchant ships. The ships lost were 2099, with a tonnage of 6,635,059, and the lives lost were 12,723.

#### What the Mines Did

The total figures are now published showing merchant ships wrecked by mines. The number was 259, with a tonnage of 673,417, and the lives lost were 1493.

#### What the Airships Did

The official figures showing the British merchant ships destroyed by enemy aircraft show that only four ships were so destroyed, with a tonnage of 7192; and 19 lives were lost.

#### What the Fishing Fleet Lost

The above figures do not include fishing vessels, of which 675 were lost, with a loss of 434 lives.

## WHAT IS A GOB FIRE?

### Old Word from Old Wales

Over a thousand people attended the funeral of two miners at Chirk the other day. The men lost their lives "gassed by gob fire," the telegram said.

What is a gob fire? Turn up one dictionary, and it says, "gob, the same as goaf;" and another book bids you compare goaf with gob. Both words describe ground in a mine from which the coal has been hewn, and in which refuse may have been deposited.

"Gobbing" is an old word, meaning to fill or pack with waste material, and gob is apparently a word of Welsh origin, probably dating back to mining days before coal was used. It would apply to quarries, and perhaps to the old-time gold workings in Wales in far-away primitive days, when the precious metal served not to make sovereigns, but to adorn the chiefs of tribes.

#### TREMENDOUS POWER OF A BIRD

A bird in flight puts forth an astounding strength.

We gave last week the case of a pigeon that happened to be on a big gun at the moment of firing, and flew off with such terrific force that it burst through the window of its loft.

Now comes the story of a pheasant which flew through the dining-room window of a house in Merstham, breaking the window and sending the shattered glass flying more than 20 feet.

#### A GALLANT APPRENTICE

A little girl of six fell into the Manchester Ship Canal, and there was every prospect of her drowning, when William Huxtable, a brave young apprentice of Runcorn, dived in from a 20-ft. wall and saved her. He has been awarded the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society. *Photograph on page 12*

## GUIDES & SCOUTS Builders-Up of Our Race GREAT DAY OF THE GUIDES AT ALBERT HALL

By a Girl Guide Commissioner

The Albert Hall in London will be crammed next week with twelve thousand Girl Guides, sisters of the Boy Scouts—our great British Brotherhood and Sisterhood.

We gladly find room for this appeal to the Guides, by one of their Commissioners, to maintain and build up the spirit of our race in the years ahead.

THE great British Commonwealth to which we belong, and of whose glorious traditions we are so justly proud, is on the threshold of a new era. The great war is over, and the world will never be the same again. The British race must face the future with the steady courage, the wide views and high ideals, which have been the foundation of its greatness in the past.

It is nearly a thousand years since the grandson of Alfred the Great and Good triumphed over five kings in the fierce battle of Brunanburgh, and once and for all the Saxon race secured its home in this island heart of the Empire. Since then our race has spread over the world, mixing freely with equals, ruling less favoured races with humanity, winning freedom at home and respect abroad.

#### Heroes and Institutions

It is a long story, and a great one. There the adventure-loving may read the daring feats of a Raleigh or a Drake, the stern struggles of the soldier-heroes of Agincourt and Waterloo, the triumphant death of a Nelson or a Gordon. There each can seek a hero to his taste, patriot or statesman, queen or peasant.

There, again, the more thoughtful student may seek, in the simple annals of the past, the origins of our great institutions of today—of the Throne, personifying the unity, integrity, and honour of the nation; of Parliament, the great guardian of the liberties of the people; of our courts and councils and schools.

#### Our Heritage

All this we read in the story of our past, and all of it is open to every child of our British race to read and know as its inheritance. All this daring and enterprise, all this love of fair and orderly government, all this steady continuity of development, all the greatness and power it has built up, are ours. What are we doing with it?

Power brings responsibility. The higher and more honourable the office, the greater the cares and duties it brings. Times are difficult, and there is a danger lest, after victory over foes without, we yield to enemies within.

Selfishness, the narrow outlook which sees no farther than its present gain, the love of ease and wealth before honour and charity, the body above the soul, the contempt for honest work—these are our enemies today. But we look forward with confidence. Our hope is in the future. It is to the new generation that we turn.

#### "We Will Be Worthy"

More than one hundred thousand Guides, scattered—with their brothers, the Scouts—wherever the Union Jack flies, have promised to prepare for the great task, and on November 4 twelve thousand of them will assemble in the London Albert Hall to give voice for themselves and their comrades to the noble aims which inspire them.

To the question of their Chief—

In this great hour of Victory, in remembrance of those who died for you, and in the name of God, will you maintain the great traditions of our race, and, by the grace of God, make your lives worthy of this great victory?

They will reply: "We will; by God's help, we will."

And in that response, if every British boy and girl will share it, is the hope of the future of our race.



## THE RAT AND ITS BALANCE SHEET FOLLY OF STUPID MEN

As Many Rats as People in  
Great Britain

### GOOD WORK A BAD THING DOES

Rat Week has come and gone, but the purpose of Rat Week remains, for the rat has multiplied so much that it has become a national menace.

The damage it does in destroying food is estimated at millions of pounds, and with the world shortage it is felt that the increase of the rat may well mean famine for mankind.

It must be remembered, however, that it is largely due to man's foolishness that the menace has arisen. The rat has its natural enemies, and if such birds as the owl and the kestrel were to be encouraged and protected, instead of being destroyed, they would keep the vermin down to reasonable numbers.

#### Our Friend the Owl

It ought to be a crime to kill an owl or a kestrel, for these birds are among our best friends; yet there are ignorant men all over the country who think it clever to kill them. If we can protect and encourage owls and kestrels we shall save ourselves thousands, and probably millions, of pounds a year.

The rat is, of course, a very great pest, not only on account of the enormous amount of human food it destroys, but because it carries and spreads disease. The terrible plague of India could be mastered but for the rat, for the bacillus that causes the plague flourishes in the rat, and is spread everywhere by it, passing on fleas from rat to rat, and from rat to man.

#### A Bad Night's Work

The food we lose through the rat is not merely that which is eaten. The creature is wilfully destructive, as a member of the staff of the Children's Newspaper found to his cost a year or two ago. He put in his cellars one day five or six thousand fine apples and pears for the winter, and the very next morning all but a hundred had been ruined by rats, which had nibbled them just enough to set them rotting.

Dr. A. E. Shipley, of Cambridge, gives 40 millions as a moderate estimate of the rats in Great Britain at any given time—about as many as the people—and reckons that each one does damage to the extent of at least 7s. 6d. a year, or a total of £15,000,000.

Sir Harry Johnston speaks of the rat as one of the few mammals that it would be virtuous to extinguish completely, but, as Dr. Shipley points out, "any wholesale destruction would mean a considerable upset in the balance of power of the almost hidden fauna which surrounds us on all hands." It might even lead, he thinks, to an increase of immigration from ships of the old black rat, the animal most likely to be infected by plague.

#### Some Good Even in a Rat

The rat's balance-sheet, however, is not entirely a bad one. It may be said in his favour that in the sewers of our towns he acts as a useful scavenger and takes his share in the all-important work of purifying the world. This is undoubtedly a great asset, and no one can say what evil might come if rats were expelled altogether from the sewers. Yet it is true that the good done in the sewers is far outbalanced by destruction done in barn and stack.

A wholesale campaign of extermination is a risky proceeding, for in destroying one pest we may be leaving the way open for the increase of another that might prove worse; and the best method for the future would undoubtedly seem to be to encourage the rat's natural enemies and leave Nature to do her perfect work. She rarely fails.

## ANIMAL FRIENDS IN THE NEWS



The wild ponies of the New Forest are now being rounded up for the fairs and markets. This photograph shows one of them being captured



The Prince of Wales, as a cowboy, rounds up the cattle on a ranch near the Rocky Mountains



London schoolboys sketching a camel at the Zoo. One boy received a prize for drawing the animal in four minutes



At the London Zoo—Bruin stands up to look at the world



A musk-ox arrives at the London Zoo. See page 4

## LITTLE MIDDY TALES OF A BOY ON A CRUISER

How He Told Lord Kelvin How  
to Make a Magnet

### A GREAT MAN'S BRAIN

One of the greatest men who ever lived was Lord Kelvin; and another great man, Lord Fisher, who built up the modern power of the British Fleet, has been telling some good stories of him.

When Lord Kelvin was Sir William Thomson he went for a voyage on a new cruiser Lord Fisher was commanding. At breakfast an officer reported that a rivet was loose, and that there was a slight leak. On receiving the report, the commander said, quite casually, "I wonder how much water would come in if the rivet came out altogether?" Sir William Thomson was sitting next to him at breakfast, and as he ate his eggs and bacon he asked the officer "How big is the rivet, and where is it?" The officer told him, and he went on with his breakfast.

#### A Breakfast-Table Problem

The commander went on talking with a friend on the other side of him, and presently Sir William Thomson, never having ceased eating his eggs and bacon, said so much water would come in. The designer of the ship, who was at the table, thereupon worked it out on paper, and said to Sir William, "You made a very good guess"; to which Sir William replied, "I didn't guess; I worked it out." His wonderful brain had worked out that extraordinary problem as he was eating his breakfast!

Another of Lord Fisher's stories tells how one day the commander of the cruiser found a little midshipman—"a little four-foot-nothing," as Lord Fisher says—explaining to Sir William Thomson how to make a magnet. As Sir William was probably the greatest authority in the world on magnetism we can understand his sweet humility in listening to the little midshipman.

#### Middy Indignant

It was the same middy who took the time for Sir William in observing lighthouse flashes. Sir William found something wrong with the system of flashes, and wrote to the Times about it, suggesting how they should be altered, and the chief engineer of the Lighthouse Department wrote, in reply, disapproving of Sir William's suggestion.

The middy was indignant at this, and came up to Sir William, asking if he had read the engineer's letter. Sir William had not, so the middy told him of it, and then asked Sir William if he would like him to write to the Times to corroborate him. Sir William thanked him sweetly and said he would take no notice, as they would alter the flashes—which they did!

### A GREAT SURPRISE

#### The Dummy Queen Elizabeth

A good story has just been told of a surprise that awaited a German submarine during the war.

In the days when the fleet went to Gallipoli a German submarine hovered round it for a fortnight. It made no attempt to attack the ships, however; it simply waited, and what it was waiting for was the appearance of the greatest ship in the British Fleet—the Queen Elizabeth.

At last there came along a stupendous vessel, a glorious super-Dreadnought, and the submarine took aim and did its work. It sent forth its torpedo and blew up this most impressive ship, only to find it a wooden image of the Dreadnought, while the Queen Elizabeth was far away and safe.



## 100 WILD BEASTS STRANGE LIVE CARGO AT CARDIFF

### Restocking the Zoos of Europe HOW THE ANIMALS ARE CAUGHT

A ship arrived at a dock in Cardiff the other day with an astonishing live cargo. It had over a hundred wild animals from Africa.

They had been caught in the forests and jungles by the Congo and in other wild parts of the continent, and among them were great African lions, full-grown cheetahs, 15 baboons, and 10 rare monkeys, a grown-up leopard and pythons, crocodiles, antelope and deer, ostriches and pelicans, storks and cranes.

What are they doing here, these queer visitors of ours? They are sent over from a depot on the Congo which has been established to collect wild beasts for restocking the zoos of Europe.

#### £500 for a Lion

Zoological collections greatly suffered during the war. Scarcity of food thinned out many and destroyed others. In bombarded cities it was necessary to shoot lions and tigers lest they should escape among the terrified people. In Germany the livestock of the zoos became food for the public.

So that now big game hunters are going into Africa and Asia to capture new animals; elephants and rhinoceroses at £1000 each, lions at £500, zebras, elands, leopards, cheetahs, monkeys, and, above all, giraffes—for which £1200 a head is offered.

Gorillas cannot be caught when grown up, and the young generally die, so that they may be left alone, but oranges, chimpanzees, and gibbons will be obtained young; wily monkeys of Africa, India, and South America will be trapped with hidden nooses.

#### Elephant to Catch an Elephant

Giraffes and ostriches will be caught on horseback, run down and noosed; but only the young giraffes will be brought back. Zebras, which always associate with ostriches, will be driven into corrals and captured like horses.

Elephants in India and Siam will be taken wild with the help of tame elephants carrying men on their backs. First the wild members are driven by firing during the day, or by drums and lighted torches at night, into a huge timbered enclosure; then the tame elephants saunter in, pick out a good specimen, and artfully engage his attention until a man can slip down and put a noose of stout rope round one of his legs. Then, while one trained animal pulls at the rope, a second will push the victim until they have forced him to a tree, where he is made captive.

#### Hippo and Rhino

The hippopotamus and the rhinoceros cannot be mastered alive when grown up, but their little ones may be trapped or noosed, encouraged to associate with goats and other domestic animals, and then marched down to the coast to take ship for London. Full-grown lions and tigers are occasionally taken in exaggerated "mouse-traps," and brought off alive, but, as a rule, these have to be shot and their young ones caught, often after a fierce fight with tooth and claw.

Highly-organised campaigns are necessary for the capture of the giants of the wilds. Not only is it difficult to secure them, but it is difficult to maintain them alive when on the march. Lions, tigers, leopards, and cheetahs must travel desert routes in cages, carried on the backs of other animals, and the food question on the way is as complex as that of an army.

#### THE MONGOOSE

By an unfortunate slip in a recent number it was stated that the mongoose is about the same size as a fox. We should have said a ferret.

## WISE MEN OF WOKING IMAGINARY HARM IN TREES

### Spoiling the Country for an Empty Fancy

#### THE GOOD THAT TREES DO

The doctors at Woking are reported to have asked for the felling or topping of all "unnecessary" trees, because they hinder ventilation and emit "an injurious gas, carbon-dioxide, during the night hours."

But the doctors' fears are probably much more unnecessary than the trees. What a tree does is to take in the poisonous carbonic-acid gas we breathe out, and to give off oxygen; so that trees are among the best friends that Nature has given to men.

Men thrive best in dry and sunny air, and residence in a dense, dark, swampy forest has injurious effects on the human frame; and Stanley, the explorer, as we know, found pigmy men in the swampy forests of Darkest Africa. But the monkeys and squirrels and birds which actually live in trees are pretty active and healthy creatures; and such woods and forests and avenues of trees as we find in England very rarely cut off enough air or light to be harmful.

#### The Birds That Thrive in Trees

The idea that the carbon-dioxide given off at night by a few trees is harmful to health is absurd. If that were so, how could the birds—which, in proportion to their size, require more oxygen than men—nest in hedges and trees as they do? and how could poor men survive when pitching tents on the green grass of a sunlit meadow?

If the trees made much difference to the amount of carbon-dioxide in the air, then in winter, when the trees are leafless, we should find less carbon-dioxide than in summer, and less at the rocky top of Ben Nevis than at its foot; but we do not find that to be so.

It is true that there is slightly more carbon-dioxide in night air than in day air; but trees have probably nothing to do with that, nor could the amount present do any harm at all.

#### Things Far Worse Than Trees

A shut window will do far more to increase the carbon-dioxide in the air than trees can ever do. The air in a forest at night and the air in mid-ocean have practically the same amount of carbon-dioxide, while a room with shut windows may contain ten or even a hundred times as much as either.

A whole forest of trees could not increase the carbon-dioxide in a room so much as one gas-jet; the whole tableful of plants which a sick nurse so carefully removes at night from a sick-room could not produce so much carbon-dioxide as the cat she leaves on the fire-rug or the candle at the bedside.

Moreover, we know now that even a considerable excess of carbon-dioxide does no harm at all, and that such tragedies as the Black Hole of Calcutta were caused, not by carbon-dioxide, but by moist, hot, stagnant air.

So perhaps the wise men of Woking had better reconsider the matter before they lop and cut down the trees. The Wise Men of Woking, looking for evil in trees, remind us curiously of the Wise Men of Gotham, who fished for the moon in the pond. They are in danger of spoiling the beauty of the country for a mere empty fancy.

#### PAPER MONEY

Paper money in Germany has now become so costly to print, and the value of it is so low, that it does not pay its expenses.

By a mistake in these columns it was lately stated that we have issued thousands of millions of paper sovereigns and half-sovereigns; it should have been thousands and millions. As a matter of fact, the total paper money issued in this country is under 300 million pounds.

## DEAN'S WIFE AND THE SLAVE

### Old Sie and His Liberty NEGRO HERO IN THE HURRICANE

Dr. Leigh is resigning the deanery of Hereford. He was born 81 years ago, when the negroes in America were slaves, and he married a lady whose family had been slave-owners for three generations. Long after emancipation had come, Mrs. Leigh used to return from England to her home in America, and mingle with the happy darkies.

One of these, Old Sie, was a notable character, who, for a generation after the slaves were free, acted as foreman on the family estate. In the early days he and other slaves were out cultivating an island when a great hurricane arose.

The terrified negroes sought to take to the boats and row through the raging waters. Not so Sie. He picked up a great whip and drove the others back inland, and made them shelter in a hut till danger was past. He saved them all, while other slaves perished through their boats swamping.

Sie and his father and grandfather had been slaves on the same estate; but Sie, though now offered his freedom, would not accept it, and his rejection of liberty was recorded on a silver cup that his master gave him.

## WHAT SHALL WE CALL OURSELVES?

### Wanted, a Name for Our Race

All the English-speaking world is asking for help. It wants a name. The name is for the greatest thing in the world, and that thing is the English-speaking world—this race of ours itself. What name can we give ourselves?

We have no name for our race at present. Great Britain is part of it. The United States is a part. The British Dominions are part. What is wanted is a single word that everyone will feel is the very thing for expressing all English-speaking peoples as a great unity.

Some suggestions try to join Brit for Britannia with Am for America, as Brit-Am, but that is jerky; Ambria and Ambrithica put the daughter before the mother; and Anglia, suggesting Anglo-Saxons, is unsatisfactory because it is incomplete.

## ELECTRIC RAILWAYS FOR ITALY

### A Good Result of the War

The war has driven Italy to take steps to change all her railways to the electric system, at a cost of 20 million pounds.

The reason is that she has no coal of her own, and coal is difficult to get and exceedingly dear. The price is now up to £9 per ton. On the other hand, she has abundant water flowing steeply down from the Alps and the Apennines, suitable for the working of electric plants.

The new system will no doubt be a great improvement. Italy's railways have been badly managed and greatly neglected. It is thought that a new start with electrically-driven trains might be economical, and lead to the extension of the lines, which are now often roundabout and slow.

The chance of obtaining electricity by the flow of water is far greater in Italy than in any other country, except Switzerland and Norway.

#### THE EDITOR'S LETTERS

New editions of Arthur Mee's Letters to Boys and Letters to Girls have just been published by Hodder and Stoughton. Each volume is 2s. net.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### SWEET JENNY LIND

#### Immortal Mendelssohn and His Music

#### HALLEY AND HIS COMET

- Nov. 2. Jenny Lind died near Malvern, 1887
3. General Grant elected President U.S.A., 1868
4. Felix Mendelssohn died at Leipzig, 1847
5. Guy Fawkes arrested for Gunpowder plot, 1605
6. Abraham Lincoln elected President U.S.A., 1860
7. Last burning by the Inquisition at Seville, 1781
8. Halley, the astronomer, born in London, 1656

The Inquisition was a tribunal appointed by the Roman Catholic Church to discover, repress, and punish heresy and unbelief in religion.

It did this by excommunication, fines, and other penalties, confiscation of property, imprisonment, and death by burning, with torture to induce confession.

It operated chiefly in Spain, Portugal, and their colonies, but also in France and Germany. It never obtained a firm hold in England, but we must remember that even in England men and women were burned by law in those days of superstition.

Usually the Inquisition worked hand in hand with the Government of a country. Some popes condemned it.

#### Jenny Lind

JENNY LIND, "the Swedish Nightingale," who became Madame Goldschmidt by marriage, was born at Stockholm in 1820. She was the most popular and universally-admired concert singer who has ever lived. She made her name in opera, but retired from the stage because of her religious convictions.

She began to sing as a child, but strained her voice. It was restored, however, by the great trainer of singers, Garcia, so that she could sing easily up to top D, and could warble like a bird. Her goodness, sincerity, and simplicity of character charmed all who knew her.

She made a fortune, chiefly in English-speaking countries, and used it most generously, largely in support of hospitals. In her later life she lived by preference among the English people, whom she loved, and she lies in the cemetery at Great Malvern.

#### Mendelssohn

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, the great composer, died when he was only 37. He was born in Hamburg, of a Jewish family, which added Bartholdy to its name when it became Christian.

Felix was a musical genius as a child. At 11 he composed music for publication, and was a brilliant player. During his boyhood he produced 41 volumes of original music, and by the time he was 20 he had a European reputation.

In England, which he often visited, he was enormously popular, and his great oratorio "Elijah," which competes with Handel's "Messiah" in the claim to be the most popular oratorio ever written, was produced at Birmingham.

#### Halley

EDMUND HALLEY's name lives by being attached to a comet.

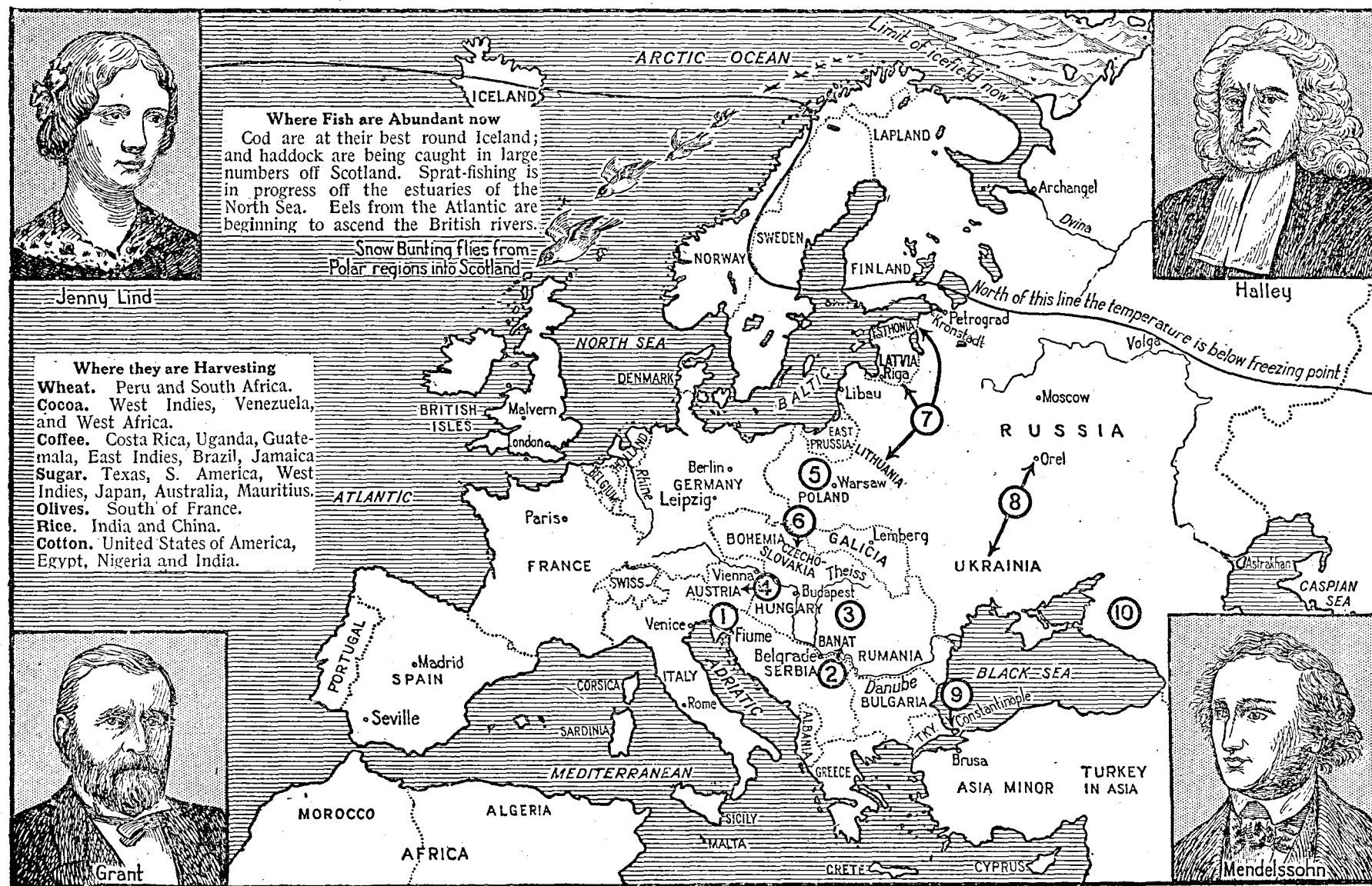
While studying the coming of comets he formed the opinion that one comet had reappeared at intervals. His calculations enabled him to trace its course, and trace its flight through space, and he prophesied its reappearance so far ahead that he could not hope to be alive when the time came. He appealed, however, "to candid posterity" to acknowledge that this return of the comet at a stated time "was first discovered by an Englishman."

Halley died 17 years before the time that would bring the test. All astronomers were eager to see if the prophecy was fulfilled. It was, for the comet duly appeared, and was named after him.

He distinguished himself in science at school, and was an F.R.S. at 23. He went to sea as an enquirer, and by his observations established the science of physical geography.



## TEN SIGNPOSTS FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS - DANGER SPOTS ON THE MAP



The League of Nations is coming into existence with the final signing of Peace. Here are ten signposts, pointing to danger-spots of Europe which demand attention from the League.

#### 1. Fiume

The responsible Italian statesmen are trying wisely to curb the Italian hot-heads, and to look at the government of the Adriatic port of Fiume as the world outside Italy looks at it.

The world wants fairness all round. The Italian hot-heads want all for Italy that she can seize. It is that spirit everywhere that makes the many difficulties Europe has to settle. If a great and growing Power like Italy adds to the world's disturbances, what can be expected from the small new nations?

#### 2. The Banat

There are parts of Europe, like the Banat, lying between the nations whose boundaries are being formed but are not yet fixed by full agreement.

The Banat was part of Hungary. Rumania is now occupying most of it, and claiming it; but Serbia also has claims, for the district lying between the Rivers Danube, Theiss, and Maros borders her on the north for a hundred miles. How will these enlarged nations settle these counter claims?

#### 3. Rumania and Hungary

Hungary has collapsed through the futile cruelties of its Bolsheviks, and its people are glad to have peace at any price.

But the price is that Rumania is master of the country. She has taken from Hungary what she cares to take, on the ground that Hungary took from

her everything she could lay her hands on when Rumania was invaded.

Rumania is also annexing wide territories from Hungary permanently, some with justice, and some doubtfully. But the Hungarians are a proud and war-like people, living in a country naturally rich. They will recover, and unless Rumania is wise she will sow now the seeds of future wars.

#### 4. The Weakness of Austria

From being a great Power, Austria has shrunk to a population not much larger than that of London.

In name this weak and impoverished State bears the debts of the great Empire that has ceased to be, but that she cannot do. The States cut off from Austria must take with them their share of the debts made when they were part of Austria. Here is ground for very serious quarrelling.

If a fair division is not made Austria will be bankrupt, and her failure will shake the money markets of all Europe at a time when failure is only being avoided with difficulty by other countries. Dangers for all Europe, especially financial dangers, gather thickly about Austrian losses and poverty.

#### 5. Unsettled Poland

At not a single point around her frontier is the new Republic of Poland quite at ease; she has no boundary firmly drawn, with friendliness beyond it. She is not confident of having a happy settlement with the Baltic States of Russia, with Prussia in Eastern Silesia, with Czechoslovakia, or with the Russians in Ukraina. Uncertainty is in the air. Poland is more than a danger point. She is a danger patch.

#### 6. The Czech Republic

With Bohemia, or Czechoslovakia, very keen sympathy should be felt, for the Czech race has nobly sustained its ancient freedom of thought against very great odds.

But the new Republic is plainly an experiment. The State has to make good its right to be a separate nation. Its boundaries, like Poland's, are everywhere matters of debate, and matters of debate are dangerous until there is a court to settle them. That Court, the League of Nations, is also an experiment. Till it gets to work, and its work secures the confidence and support of the world, Bohemia remains a danger-point.

#### 7. The Baltic States

The position of the Baltic States, inhabited by the Estonians, Letts, and Lithuanians, has been left in doubt by the strange action of the German troops under General von der Goltz in Courland, where there is a considerable German population, and by the failure of Russia generally to provide a firm government, towards which separate States would know how to act.

The several Baltic States apparently desire an independent local organisation, but are willing to federate with other Russian States into a Dominion with united action. The other States, however, are not provided with governments that represent the people, or are able to make firm agreements. While all are opposed to the Bolsheviks, as the enemy of all, the enemies of the Bolsheviks are not sure whether they are the enemies or friends of each other; and there is frequent quarrelling.

#### 8. Ukraina

The chaos in Russia is nowhere shown more plainly than in Ukraina. There and elsewhere Bolshevism is defeated and in flight.

Apparently the Ukrainians wish to be a separate State, and have an army under General Petlura pledged to that course. But General Denikin seems to be regarding as enemies all who will not join in forming a large, united, inclusive Russia, and not a Russia composed of a number of federated separate States.

This difference of view keeps alive the danger of a prolonged war in Russia.

#### 9. The Turkish Problem

Besides all these uncertainties the immediate destiny of Constantinople and the settlement of the remnant of the Turkish Empire has yet to be decided.

Great Britain holds, and will hold, the overland routes to the East, and has no further projects; but France, Italy, Greece, the Arabs, the Armenians all have large ideas of how they should participate in the division, and Turkey herself is important as head of Islam.

#### 10. The Caucasus Republics

Russia had great difficulty, generations ago, in conquering the people who live around the lofty range of the Caucasus Mountains, and now that they see freedom restored they have broken up into small republics. There is some fear that these warlike tribes will not readily settle, but will remain a centre of disturbance, for fighting between them has already taken place, and their central position between the East and the West, the Caspian and the Black Seas, makes any uneasiness an inconvenience and danger.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 1 1919

## Guides, Scouts, and All of Us

Twelve thousand Girl Guides give thanks for the Peace next week in the Albert Hall.

We do well to give thanks, however dark the days may be. Life is never long enough to give thanks for all its good things.

And may we not be thankful, all of us, for this great sisterhood of little women, and that great brotherhood of little men, the Guides and the Scouts? The Children's Newspaper hopes to march with them to the Millennium. There is no doubt that it is coming, and those who see the signs know well the splendid part the Guides and Scouts are going to play.

These Guides and Scouts are on their honour to do what in them lies for this land of ours; on their honour to be fit and clean and true; and soon they will be millions strong, their sticks and belts in every street and every lane, and their spirit spread in every corner of our land.

A great and noble thing we shall see then, for we shall have within our gates two mighty citizen armies, a million Guides and a million Scouts, every Guide a sister, every Scout a brother, and all of them patriots.

All who love their country love these splendid armies, free from militarism, striving for peace and not for war, meaning to love and not to hate, eager to build up and not to destroy, cherishing life and all that is beautiful in it, believing in liberty for the opportunity it gives to every man, rendering service for the joy of it, seeking to be useful always, worthy citizens of their country, worthy comrades of mankind.

On our honour! We talk of the power of armies put on their honour to do what they are told, but what shall we say of the power of these two armies put on their honour to grow up *wanting to do right*? No words can measure the influence they will have, for they will rule this nation that has led the world since nations became free.

Scouts they will be, seekers after great things; Guides they will be, the pointers of the way; and their passion for their country, their love of practical service, their capacity for being useful in difficult situations, their scorn of loafing and wasting, their willingness to be faithful even unto death, will be the most priceless possession their country has.

The Children's Newspaper salutes these patriotic armies growing up. It salutes them as the bearers of good tidings for the future, as the hope and promise of this race that has been once more through the darkest night, but will march again, with eyes bright and hearts uplifted, to the dawn of a nobler day. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## Like Ordinary Men

THE world moves fast, but some minds move slowly. There are still people in England who believe that kings and princes are something more than ordinary men. An announcement has been made that the King's sons went up to Cambridge "just like ordinary undergraduates," and we read that the King himself travelled on the railway "just like an ordinary traveller."

How are they to travel about the world? one wonders. Were the Princes supposed to ride into Cambridge attended by a legion of angels? and is the King to travel like a Great Panjandrum?

They are no friends of the Throne who would hedge it about, in days like these, with all the superstitions of the days that have passed away. Kings and dustmen, all are mortal; and it is the strength of our British Throne that it is founded in simplicity.

## A Man and His Manners

WE do not often forgive bad manners, for "manners maketh man," and courtesy adds always to the charm and joy of life.

But we like that story that comes from the Bible Society, of a man who entered one of its offices, walked into a room without knocking, and kept his hat on while he addressed the official there. The official thought the visitor's manners had been much neglected, but he did not say so, and he must have been profoundly thankful afterwards for his restraint, for the man took his wallet from his pocket and laid on the table a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

We like our friend, but if he should repeat his visit at this office, with the same intention, we hope he will knock at the door and take off his hat.



## Lah-di-dah Eats an Orange

The pavement is not the place for orange-peel

## Mrs. J.P.

THE latest forward movement of women aims at placing them on the magistrates' bench. Why not? They may not only vote for members of Parliament, but may be members, and the duties of J.P.'s are certainly not as responsible as the duties of M.P.'s. Seeing that 50,000 women or girls appear every year before the magistrates, their fellow women ought to have a fair share in administering the laws under which they are tried.

## Another Claimant for the Tank

WOULD it not be well if the Commission inquiring into the inventor of the tanks visited the British Museum? The tank is there quite plainly, carved on a piece of stone representing an armoured tank creeping up a city wall.

So that now the discussion as to who invented the tank goes back a thousand years or two, back to the days before the Conqueror, before Christianity—back 2800 years to the days of Nineveh.

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre, says Kipling, and it seems to be really so, for we give a picture of this tank that startled warriors at Nineveh long before the Great War, before Germany, or England, or even Europe, had been heard of.

Great days indeed we live in, but we have come up from a mighty past.



## Did the Tank come from Nineveh?

The Armoured Tank of the armies of Assyria creeping up a city wall 28 centuries ago

## Where the War Began

A BAD memory has been blotted out in Serbia.

The Austrians set up a great bronze slab at the spot where the bomb fell that killed the Archduke Ferdinand, so leading up to the Great War, and the Serbians have now removed it. The Austrians allowed no one to pass over the slab, which greatly interfered with traffic; but the road is now itself again.

That is as it should be. The Great War has put back the clock of the world for a hundred years, and we have had enough of it.

## Our Ancient Oaks

WE gave the other day the story of luminous oaks, and a correspondent asks a very interesting question.

Our ancestors in Ancient Britain, and their pastors and masters, the Druids, worshipped the oak for some reason that has never been known. Could it be that they were awed by this mysterious light that comes sometimes from the fungus on the oak?

It is very curious and interesting, and, though we shall probably never know, it would not be strange that a mysterious light in trees should have inspired the spirit of worship among those simple folk, so moved by the mystery of light and fire that they worshipped the sun as a god.

## A Prayer for Happiness

God make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow;  
A little flame that burneth bright  
Wherever I may go.

M. BETHAM EDWARDS

## Puzzle of the Apple Tree

## Do More Apples Fall by Night Than by Day?

Why do more apples fall from the tree by night than by day? a country reader asks. We have asked a scientific correspondent, who sends this note.

It is not unlikely that more apples fall from a tree between sunset and sunrise than during the day, because in the hours of late evening, night, and early dawn, the greatest changes of temperature take place.

There is usually in autumn a sharp fall of temperature after sunset, and it is coldest before dawn. These large differences of temperature have a marked effect in expanding or contracting the woody fibres of the stems of the apples, and if the stems are near breaking point the added strain will probably just part them.

Otherwise, the chief cause in bringing fruit to the ground is evidently the wind, as is suggested in the name windfall, which we apply to fallen fruit. But one would expect to find more apples on the ground in the morning than at any other time because none have been picked up since the previous evening!

## Tip-Cat

A NEWSPAPER asserts that "the Government is carrying the question of nationalisation of mines to the people." Our own miner says the question is carrying the Government there.

Do the railways pay? is a question of the hour. The passengers do.

Headline to the Russian news: "Let's take a fortress." But why should we?

The first brick in Birmingham's housing scheme has been laid. Unless the rest of the bricks are mislaid there ought to be a house ready for somebody before the winter.

Two sides of bacon: East and West, Ham.

People who did not invent the Tank: Peter Pan, Peter Puck, Peter Simple.

Mr. Smillie's advice is, "Let us keep our heads." Or let our heads keep us?

Food transport: A knife and fork.

Bacon is rotting on the quays. Its price has been high for a long time.

Rats have damaged the organ at Plymouth Guildhall. The cat must have been away, or they wouldn't have been playing.

Siberia, says Trotsky, represents a cauldron. They are having stirring times.

Germany is carefully watching all our moves. But there won't be many till those wooden houses are finished.

## My Garden

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

Rose plot,

Fringed pool,

Ferned grot—

The veriest school

Of peace; and yet the fool

Contents that God is not—

Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign;

'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

T. E. BROWN



## AT THE MERCY OF A LION

### TERRIBLE FORCE OF A BLOW

Do Men Feel Pain When  
Attacked by Wild Beasts?

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ADVENTURE

A Leicester workman, named Pratt, has paid heavily for a foolhardy display of audacity. At a fair in the city he put his hand between the bars of a cage to stroke a lion. The animal struck at him as a cat strikes at a bird, and Pratt was taken away severely clawed.

A naturalist ranks the three greatest forces in the animal world as:

The blow from a whale's tail,  
The kick of a giraffe's hind leg,  
The blow of a lion's paw.

But there is another danger in the blow from a lion's paw. The animal's claws, foul with decomposed flesh from its meals, introduce poison into a wound. So does a bite from its foul teeth.

#### The Real Danger of a Lion

Blood poisoning nearly always follows a wound caused by a lion, and pain and suppuration return periodically when the wound is supposed to have been cured. One of the two natives who were attacked by the lion which attempted to kill Livingstone, showed the missionary his wound, "actually bursting forth afresh in the same month of the following year."

The shock caused by a lion's attack kills many men without their suffering; but others have, like Livingstone, survived, and some of them have told that the encounter with a lion, appalling to witness or describe, may be painless.

#### Two Men at a King's Table

Two men once sat at King Edward's table who had such tales to tell. One, Sir Edward Bradford, had had his left arm munched away to the elbow. The other, Rustem Pasha, Turkish Ambassador to England, had had his right hand and part of his left arm destroyed by a bear. Neither of them felt the least pain during the mutilation, and they agreed that their intense desire and determination to defend themselves mastered all sensitiveness to suffering.

Livingstone, whose body was identified in England by the fact that a joint in his arm never healed after the adventure with a lion, looked rather differently at this insensitiveness. The lion seized him by the shoulder as it sprang, and both came to the ground together.

#### Traveller Shaken Like a Rat

"Growling horribly close to my ear," he said afterwards, "he shook me as a terrier shakes a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake by a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or terror. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora. If this is so, it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator."

So wrote David Livingstone. The attack dislocated his arm, and left him with flesh-wounds like shot-holes, but he felt nothing. It was a dying lion that attacked him, having in its body two bullets which Livingstone had fired into it. Yet, after assailing the missionary, it still retained its fierce temper, and attacked two other men.

## HOW THEY RAISED THE GREAT FLAGSTAFF

A piece of British Columbia is now set up above London. The huge Douglas pine given by the Government of British Columbia to Kew Gardens has been safely raised at last, and stands erect and firm, 18½ tons of splendid timber still in tree form, rising higher than the Monument, and more than half as high again as Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. It is the biggest flagstaff in England.

The last chapter in the story of this famous flagstaff tree, on its way from its lonely home overlooking the Pacific to its final glory of overlooking London, was as exciting as any in the tale.

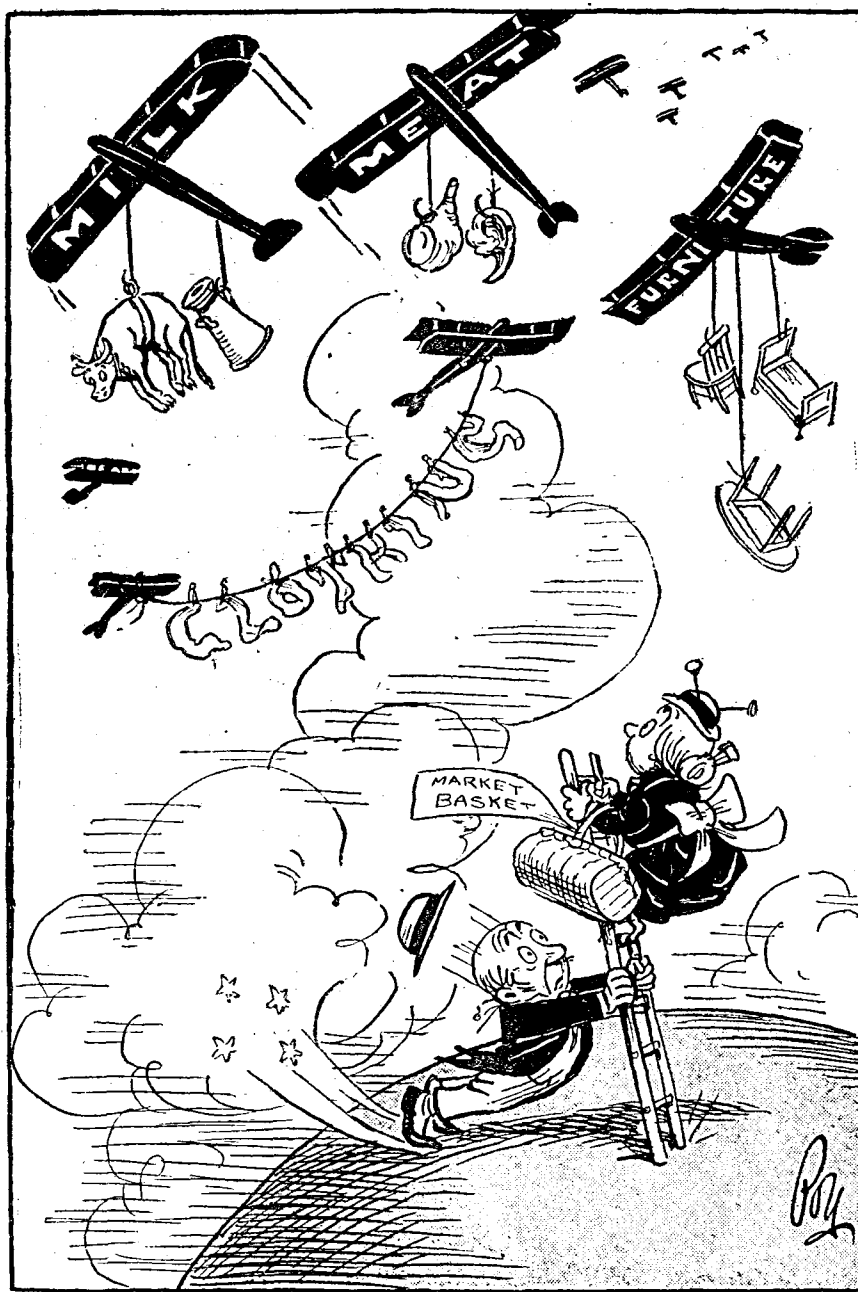
No less than £1500 was allowed as the cost of rearing it. As a beginning a tower of scaffolding 100 feet high had to be built up, strong enough to hold

the machinery for hauling the monster slowly into an upright position.

Twice while the tree was rising there was a thrilling likelihood of a great accident that might have broken down the workmen's lofty staging, and even snapped the great tree in its fall.

Just before the base of the tree slipped into its socket, one of the blocks that helped control it began to slip, and for a time there was a fierce struggle for safety between the engineers and the unfaithful block; and again, at the very last, as the last heave was about to be made, a shout from one of the workmen gave warning that a stay was slackening. But both these things were put right, and then, majestically and safely, the great flagstaff came to rest, plumb and true, and began its survey of the great city.

## CAN MOTHER REACH THEM?



Prices mount up higher and higher, but Mother makes a desperate attempt to reach them

#### £1000 A GRAIN

Little has been heard about radium lately, yet it is coming to be used on a larger and larger scale, not only in medicine, but for the manufacture of luminous paint for aeroplane and ship compasses, dials of watches, and so on.

Its price remains at about £1000 a grain, but a hundredth part of a grain is sufficient to render the numerals luminous on a hundred or more watches. The chief supplies are still obtained from the United States; but it was stated recently that a new source of the mother mineral, pitchblende, had been discovered in this country.

#### GOLD IN THE DUSTBIN

We hear from time to time of a lost treasure being found in a dustbin, but it now appears that there is wealth in every dustbin.

Experiments have shown that household refuse contains nitrogen and other substances valuable as fertilisers; and Southwark Borough Council has decided to crush the refuse it collects and sell it in a pulverised state to farmers within a radius of 25 miles from London at 2s. 3d. per ton. In this way the Council hopes to be able to reduce the rates, and at the same time help the food production of the country.

## A GREAT CITY DESOLATE

### Tragic Downfall of Vienna

ITS GLORY HAS DEPARTED  
AND ITS DOOM HAS COME

By a Travelling Correspondent

Never since the armies of the Assyrian and the Tartar left great cities desolate in their wake, has the ruin of a splendid capital been so sudden as the ruin of gay Vienna. And yet no hostile army has set foot in the place.

It has not been bombarded like Rheims, or terror-stricken into decay by cruel violence like Petrograd, but by a mere stroke of the pen—the pen that signed the Peace Conference—it is reduced in an hour from the ancient and splendid capital of a far-reaching empire, the head of civilised Germany and a retinue of States, to be the capital of a small inland Republic only about twice the size of Switzerland.

#### True Capital of Germany

Yes, Vienna was the true capital of civilised Germany. Berlin never was. True civilisation includes manners, style, the courtesies of life, and often the lingering influences of what has been gracious in the past. Berlin never had any of these things. Vienna had them all.

Its Government had grave faults; it never won the goodwill of any non-German race that was united with it. It always gave the States that clustered about it, except Tyrol, the feeling that they were underling States.

And yet Austria had manners, splendour, and almost attractive ways. It was what we call gentlemanly. And Vienna was its suitable capital—the natural expression of the Austrian spirit, which was the lingering spirit of the ancient Roman Empire.

#### City Shorn of its Glory

Now Vienna stands shorn of its glories and shivering with hunger, cold, and fear of the future. Its outlying States—Bohemia, Galicia, Bukovina, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Istria, a large part of Tyrol, and all Hungary—have, with an eager willingness, fallen away from it, except a few mountain regions that have been torn away, and the city, once a splendid imperial centre, is only the capital of a ruined and almost bankrupt little State.

Worse than that, it is dependent on the surrounding States, which honour it no longer, for the barest means of life. It has no coal except such as Poland or Bohemia will sell it; no oil except such as Galicia or Rumania will allow it to buy; not enough food, unless it can purchase corn from Hungary or Rumania; and not enough money to bid for these necessities against countries with more money.

#### Hollow Shell of a City

Its trains and trams are stopped; its streets are only lighted for brief periods; its houses are fireless; famine threatens, and winter is at hand.

So Vienna, shorn of its glories and gaieties, shivers in the midst of its gorgeous palaces, squares, and gardens, and asks plaintively for the world's pity and help. How are the mighty fallen! At the scrape of a pen when Peace was made this Doom fell, and Vienna became the hollow shell of a capital.

Without an empire to support it the very fabric of this mighty city must decay and much of it fall into ruin.



## Russia Before the Revolution

### LAND HUNGER THAT BROKE UP AN EMPIRE

Simple Race of People Who Think  
of Only One Thing at Once

### WHY THEY SWEEPED THE TSARS AND THE THRONE AWAY

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

Russia is an immense country, with a population of 180 millions, more than four times as many as Great Britain, and nearly twice as many as the United States.

The people belong to the Slav race, but there is a strong Tartar, or Turkish, strain in them. In the thirteenth century a host of Tartars, led by Mongolian chiefs, swept over Eastern Europe from Central Asia, and a great many of them settled in Russia. They are responsible for the Eastern features in the Russian character. The Poles are a pure Slav race, and not Eastern at all.

The mass of the Russian population are tillers of the soil, living in villages, "pigging together" in small wooden houses, where whole families sleep on the top of the big stove, which is the most prominent object in a Russian room. The intense cold in winter makes it necessary to keep the houses very warm. From November, until April the north and central parts are under snow.

#### Living Out of Doors

In summer, which is hot and dry, the people of every class make up for being so much indoors through the winter by living out of doors.

From the middle of May to the middle of August all who are able to do so pack up and leave the cities for the country. Poor people do this as well as those who are well off. Beds and furniture are piled up on little cabs, and off their owners go to the railway stations.

The system of land ownership in Russia, which gives every peasant the possibility of returning to his native village, came into existence after the Emancipation of the Serfs not much more than sixty years ago. The Russian peasants were made slaves in the sixteenth century. Up to that date they had been free, and had governed themselves in village communities, but they were made serfs so that the nobles might have plenty of labourers and grow rich.

#### Freedom for the Serfs

When, after the defeat of Russia by England and France in the Crimean War, serfdom was abolished, the peasants were given land. Each village had so much land which belonged to all. It was divided into strips, and the strips were portioned out among families according to their numbers.

At intervals there were fresh distributions of the strips of land, and as the population increased the peasants found that they had not enough land. In 1909 a law was passed to give them the chance to turn village lands into private properties, and so get land of their own; but this did not satisfy the hunger for more land. It was that hunger which made the Revolution possible.

It was their discontent and the appalling mismanagement of the nation's business which swept the old system away. The Tsar himself was

well-meaning but weak-minded. He allowed himself to be kept in ignorance of what went on. He was anxious to hand down to his son exactly the same power and majesty that he received from his father. He did not understand that change is the law of life, and that any institution which does not grow is dead.

Russia began war so ill prepared that many of her soldiers were without rifles, and had to advance against the enemy with sticks. Their artillery was for a long time very short of shells. This unpreparedness, and the mistakes and jealousies of generals, caused hundreds of thousands of lives to be thrown away, and the soldiers saw this. Officers as well as men blamed the government. The army on which the Tsar had hitherto relied for support turned against him.

#### Terror and Revolution

For many years the revolutionists had been at work. They had killed one Tsar with a bomb, and one Grand Duke, and had "removed" many high officials. In 1906, after the war against Japan had shown up the rottenness of the system of irresponsible government—the opposite of our British system, in which those who govern are responsible to the nation—there was an attempt at Revolution, which, though it failed, did actually bring into being the Duma, a Russian House of Commons, which tried to improve the government, and was defeated by the officials.

In the Duma sat several priests of the Russian Church, long-haired and long-bearded. Unfortunately, they did not take the People's part. Many priests, or popes as they are called, were good men who did their best to improve the condition of the peasants, but, on the whole, the Church was not an influence helping the People.

#### A People Simple but Wise

The peasants paid great attention to Church feasts and festivals, but they had little respect for the clergy as men, and they knew that the archbishops and bishops were on the side of those who wanted the old bad system kept up.

Although they are ignorant in book learning, they have a wisdom and wit which make their talk often instructive and amusing. They are likeable, even lovable, but are subject to fits of savagery, brought on usually by listening to excited orators, and they are then capable of hateful cruelties. They quickly repent of these, and call on God to forgive them, but they are liable to suffer again in the same way at any moment.

They have room in their heads for only one thought at a time. If we remember that we shall not be so much puzzled by the contradictions and contrarieties in the character of this simple and wonderful race. H. F.

## WIRELESS WORLD

### Keeping Watch Over Forest Fires

#### WONDER OF WIRELESS WAVES

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

In America, where huge forest fires often occur, occasioning losses of millions of dollars, the aid of wireless has now been called in.

A system of aeroplanes fitted with wireless, working in conjunction with each other and with headquarters, will in future deal with such situations. The planes will be able to locate the fire easily from an enormous height.

They will then proceed to the actual scene, and send by wireless full details, including the size of the fire, the direction of the wind, and so on.

#### Endless Journey of a Wireless Wave

Although wireless waves seem to be such elusive things, being far out of reach of any of our senses, and moving with such terrific speed—to New York and back from London 30 times a second—it must not be thought that they are sent on their endless journey without much effort.

A colossal force has to be brought into action to create the waves, a modern wireless station of moderate power employing a force equal to that of four hundred British cart-horses.

A moment ago I wrote of the endless journey of a wireless wave, and that description is quite true, because these waves, once started, *never stop*. They become less and less powerful, but they never cease to exist. They are ripples in an ocean stretching through the boundless universe.

#### The Old to the Rescue of the New

A curious incident occurred the other day in mid-ocean. A ship found herself without a wireless operator, possibly owing to illness.

As there was nobody else on board who could work the wireless the captain decided to ask for help from another vessel. He soon sighted a steamer and signalled with flags for it to come near. When this had been done the trouble was explained by means of semaphore signalling, and the captain of the second ship agreed to send one of his operators.

The junior operator readily volunteered, and was rowed across to his new work, bag and baggage, and the wireless sparks were soon merrily cracking again.

Thus the old, old way of sending messages came to the aid of wireless, as our friend the horse sometimes pulls a broken-down motor-car back to the garage.

#### Facts about Invisible Waves

How many people know that light waves and wireless waves are, with one important exception, exactly alike? The respect in which they differ is size.

Waves of light are exceedingly small, so small that if one wrote down the size in figures the reader would be very little wiser, because the figures would denote a littleness far beyond the smallest thing the eye has ever seen in a microscope.

On the other hand, wireless waves are generally very large. We make them from, roughly, 300 feet to 60,000 feet long. There is not much difficulty in making the big ones, but the smaller we try to make them the harder is the task. If we could only make them small enough we should produce light.

Apart from size, then, wireless waves are light waves. Light waves move at 186,000 miles a second; so do wireless waves. Light can be focussed; so can "wireless." Both sets of waves may be concentrated by lenses, both can be bent, and objects which are transparent to light will also let wireless waves pass through. Everything light can do wireless waves can do—except that wireless waves cannot be seen, on account of the difference in size. It is in order to detect wireless waves that we have had to invent an "electric eye," which is the wireless receiver.

## BISMARCK

### THE STRONG MAN OF GERMANY'S GREAT DAYS

His Grandson to be Charged  
with Murder

### PEACE TREATY AND WAR CRIMES

The Allies are sending to Germany the names of German officers who are to be tried before an International Court for murder and gross cruelty during the war. The Peace Treaty requires that they shall be surrendered.

Among the officers charged with the most fiendish cruelty is Count von Bismarck, the grandson of Prince Bismarck, who in his day, before the Kaiser William took the reins of government into his own hands, was the most powerful personality in Europe.

Bismarck, the maker of modern Germany, the builder of the great German military system, the "Man of Blood and Iron" before whom kings trembled, is followed by a grandson who, according to the charges made against him, is a wholesale murderer, who shot peasant people in their villages and burned their bodies in the flames of their homes. Those who did not die quickly enough, it is said, he finished off with his own hands.

#### Man Who Drilled the People

It was the grandfather who once said he would leave the French nothing but their eyes to weep with. The grandson, if the charges made against him are proved, had even less mercy.

But Bismarck the elder, though he trained Germany for war and by cunning trickery forced on the war of 1870, which was the first cause of this last great war, was a greater man than would be formed by rolling all the leaders of present-day Germany into one.

He was not one whit more moral than the Kaiser and his reckless underlings, but he did know how to manage the great human machine, the obedient German people, whom he had drilled for his own purposes; and he understood the thoughts and feelings, and realised the power of other nations as no German did after he was gone.

#### Sowing Hate in Europe

Bismarck had rules in his own mind that would have kept him from ever risking the German Empire in a war with England, France and Russia. He hated England, but knew her power. He feared the slow, unwieldy strength of Russia. He was aware that Austria and Italy were doubtful allies for Germany—Austria, because of her weakness through internal divisions, and Italy because her sentimental mind would never resemble the harsh mind of Germany. And so he cunningly contrived to gain strength for Germany, as it were, by weakening other nations, among whom he fostered hate.

He would never have outraged the feelings of the world till every decent land was Germany's enemy, for Bismarck, though a great and powerful plotter, was prudent. He had no conscience; but he had a careful mind. If he struck in war he struck to slay, and not to fail.

He will be known in history as a statesman who planned too grandly for lesser men to carry his plans through. In no way was he an admirable man, but he did not deserve to have a grandson put on trial as a brutal murderer.

#### THE MECHANICAL NEWSBOY

Will the paper-boy from whom we buy our evening newspaper become a thing of the past?

The mechanical newsboy is already in use in America. A coin is put in the slot, a handle turned, and the newspaper is delivered. In order that one may see what edition is being sold, a portion of the paper showing the chief headlines is displayed behind a window.



## NATURE PREPARES FOR HER LONG SLEEP

### Bare Trees and Autumn Skies

#### EARTHWORMS AT WORK

By Our Country Correspondent

The sparrowhawk is the creature of all others most detested by small birds, who, knowing what an enemy it is, invariably mob it if they are in sufficient numbers.

The full-grown bird is greyish in colour, but if at this time of year we happen to disturb a young sparrowhawk feeding upon the ground, and catch only a passing glimpse before it flies away, we may well mistake it for a kestrel. The young sparrowhawks, instead of being slaty-grey above and light grey below, like their parents, are brown above and fawn below. Probably on account of this they are often mistaken for kestrels by gamekeepers, who credit the kestrel with much of the damage done to game by the sparrowhawk.

#### The Wily Sparrowhawk

The sparrowhawk, while it does a certain amount of good by killing rats and mice, preys largely on leverets and young rabbits, and also on partridges. It is not above dashing round from behind some stack or barn in the farmyard, and carrying off a young chicken. Other food consists of thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, larks, pipits, wood-pigeons, and moles.

Townpeople usually call rooks crows, but the two birds are quite distinct. Some hooded crows nest in England, but numbers come to us from Scandinavia and Russia at this time of the year, and though the bulk keep near the east coast, others distribute themselves over the inland counties. The bird's plumage is black and grey, and it is sometimes called the grey crow in distinction to the carrion crow, which is black.

The missel thrush has resumed its song, and the music is welcome now when most of the other song-birds are either gone or silent.

#### Bats in Their Winter Quarters

Most bats have by now found their hiding-places for the winter, and if you know of an old hollow tree, and can reach inside, you will probably disturb some noctules hanging head downwards with folded wings, waiting for the warm weather of next spring to rouse them to conscious life again.

Earthworms are always interesting to study, as Darwin found, and there is still much to be learnt about them. Out on the lawn just now you will find little mounds of leaves and stalks collected round the mouths of their burrows by the worms, which have dragged them there and barricaded their homes against frost and hostile grubs, while at the same time providing themselves with a good supply of food. You will find that they even drag stones to stop up the entrances to their burrows.

#### The November Moth

The November moth, despite its name, is found earlier than the present month, but it is still on the wing. Its dull, lichen-grey colour is very useful for camouflaging it at a time of year when there is little food about, and many hungry birds are on the look-out for that little.

Among the dead leaves of hawthorn we may find the cocoons of the early thorn moth. The chrysalis is neatly hidden inside a folded leaf, and there it will remain for the winter unless some particularly keen-eyed thrush finds it out, when its fate will be sealed for ever.

The trees that are quite stripped now include the white poplar, cherry, crab-apple, guelder rose, laburnum, syringa, hawthorn or whitethorn, maple, and ash. On the last-named the keys are very conspicuous. The plane leaves are falling, and the larch is turning yellow. We may still find a few rose camions in bloom.

C. R.

## THANK YOU, PRETTY COW

### How much Milk can Baby's Friend Give?

#### ASTONISHING FIGURES

Thank you, pretty cow that made Pleasant milk to soak my bread, Morning, evening, noon, and night, Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

How much milk can a cow give, on an average, per day and per year?

Those would have been regarded as difficult questions to answer a few years ago, before the milk of each cow was measured and a record kept; and anyone who knows cows would have doubted whether any cow could give 1000 gallons in a year, and would have laughed at the idea of 2000 gallons.

But a breed of cows, known as black and white British Friesians, is now being reared for milk-giving purposes, and is astonishing the dairying world.

A keen competition is going on between Eske Hetty and Southill Countess, and at present Eske Hetty holds the record; but Southill Countess, a Knebworth cow, is close on her heels in the race of quantities.

#### 3000 Gallons a Year

Eske Hetty has given 2413 gallons of milk in one year, or £221 worth, if it could have been sold warm from the pail at the present price. Southill Countess has given 2106 gallons in 320 days, or £193 worth at the present price. The Countess holds the record for a day's produce, namely ten gallons, or £1 10s. 8d. worth.

It is said that there are six more cows on their way to pass the 2000-gallon-a-year standard, and there is talk of 3000 gallons a year being reached.

Indeed, the Agent-General for Ontario sends us note of a cow which gave 293 gallons of milk in 30 days, at the rate of considerably over 3000 gallons a year.

It must be remembered, however, that the most copious milk-givers do not always give rich milk. In the form of butter a cow that half fills the pail with milk will often beat one that fills it three-parts full.

But, however that may be, the competition for milk production by the individual cow will be watched with much interest by the public which pays elevenpence a quart for the one perfect form of food.

## NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from November 2. Black figures indicate next day.

#### Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise	6.55 a.m.	6.59 a.m.	7.4 a.m.
Sunset	4.31 p.m.	4.28 p.m.	4.23 p.m.
Moonrise	1.47 p.m.	2.34 p.m.	4.3 p.m.
Moonset	12.58 a.m.	3.31 a.m.	7.36 a.m.
High Tide	8.32 p.m.	11.6 p.m.	12.56 p.m.

Next  
Week's  
Moon



## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Hoe and clean between the rows of cabbage, and remove decaying leaves. Continue to earth up and protect cardoons.

Cauliflowers that have formed nearly full-sized heads should have a leaf or two broken over them as protection from slight frosts.

Push forward the planting of all kinds of trees and shrubs while the weather keeps mild, and before the temperature of the soil is reduced so considerably as to check root action.

## BIGGEST GUN KNOWN

### First Shots from "Big Bertha"

#### HOW THEY LEARNED WHERE TO FIX IT

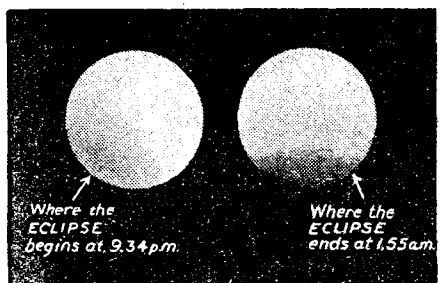
During the war Paris was bombarded by the biggest gun ever known, called "Big Bertha," after the woman who was the chief owner of Krupp's Works at Essen, where it was made.

A curious revelation is now made as to the way in which the Germans found out how far away from Paris they must fix the gun so as to shell that city.

The cannon was fired high into the air, so that the shell would rise to where the atmosphere was very thin and the power of gravity diminished. There would, therefore, be little air resistance, and the earth would not draw the shell back as quickly as when nearer the earth's surface.

#### Firing 75 Miles

How far would the gun carry? Nobody knew. So they set men to watch for the bursting shells, and fired over their own thinly inhabited province of East Friesland. The distance from Meppen,



#### NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

On the left the penumbra after an hour; on the right the moon at the middle of the eclipse, about 11.45 p.m. See next column.

where the firing took place, to the North Sea, is about 67 miles, and parallel with the coast are the East Frisian Islands.

No report was made by the observers as to any shells falling, and the gunners began to wonder whether they had fired the shots beyond the power of gravity, so that they would not come back to earth at all.

At last the exploded shells were found on one of the Frisian islands, 75 miles away. The Germans, greatly surprised, placed the gun about 75 miles away from Paris and fired. It did a good deal of damage, but failed to frighten the French.

## EARTH'S CREEPING SHADOW

### Coming Eclipse of the Moon

#### HOW TO SEE FOR OURSELVES THAT EARTH IS ROUND

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Not since July, 1917, have we had an opportunity of seeing the eclipse of the moon, but at last, next Friday night, if it is fine, we shall see the great circular shadow of our Earth creeping over the face of her satellite—so we can then see for ourselves, by the way, that the world is round.

It will, however, be only a partial eclipse, beginning at 9.34, the exact minute when mother Earth will begin to interpose her bulky form between the Sun and the Moon.

The amount of sunlight cut off from the Moon will be very small for the first few minutes, but within half an hour a perceptible duskiness will be seen gathering at the lower left-hand side of the moon. This duskiness is what is called the penumbra. To an observer in that part of the Moon the Sun would appear only partly obscured.

#### The Very Dark Shade

It will not be until 11 o'clock that any part of the moon begins to be really eclipsed, for this only happens when the Sun's light is entirely cut off. A very dark shade, called the umbra, will then be seen to encroach on the lower part of the left half of the Moon, and this will increase and travel westward until, after about 45 minutes, about one-sixth of the Moon's face will be shadowed. After this the shadow will diminish and pass over towards the west, until, in about two hours, all will be over.

At no time shall we altogether lose sight of any part of her; we rarely do, that, even in a total eclipse, when she is entirely immersed in Earth's shadow.

#### A Journey to the Moon

To find out why this is so let us transport ourselves in imagination to the great walled plain of Clavius, a region on the Moon about as big as Yorkshire and Lancashire put together. It is centrally placed in the eclipsed area, so that we should get a good view of the eclipse, as seen from the Moon.

To get an uninterrupted view, we will scramble up the western wall of the mountains that encircle Clavius, on to a convenient pinnacle 17,000 feet high. The climb will be easy in a world where one can jump 18 feet as easily as jumping three feet on Earth.

The noonday Sun in a black sky will appear very brilliant, and surrounded by myriads of stars; then a great and almost dark body, appearing three or four times the size of the sun, will begin to interpose itself gradually, as if taking a great bite out of the sun's side. A gloom will creep over the observer's surroundings, and he will be in what appears to us as the penumbra.

#### Brilliant Ring of Light

The shade will continue to increase, and the Sun will seem to grow less and less, until it is gone; but in its place a beautiful many-coloured ring of light will appear, about four times the diameter of the vanished Sun. This brilliant ring will light up the Moon's surface, and so account for that part of her being visible on the Earth.

Now what we actually see, as we look up from the Moon, is the great globe of Earth veiled in night; and the ring of light is where sunrise and sunset are taking place all round the Earth at that moment.

The Sun, of course, is shining on the other side of our Earth, and this sunlight, lighting up our atmosphere beyond the exact half of our globe, produces by refraction the ring of twilight glow and roscate hues that we are so familiar with.

G. F. M.

## ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le diamant L'esclave La mouche



La lanterne Le visage La tourte

Le diamant est une pierre précieuse. L'esclave obéit à son maître. Les mouches sont bien désagréables. Il faut allumer la lanterne. Voici un visage souriant. Tous les enfants aiment la tourte.

#### IL NE FUT PAS PUNI

Un professeur anglais ordonna à un de ses élèves de s'approcher pour recevoir des coups de canne. Comme l'élève avait les mains très sales, il cracha furtivement dans sa main droite et l'essuya sur son pantalon.

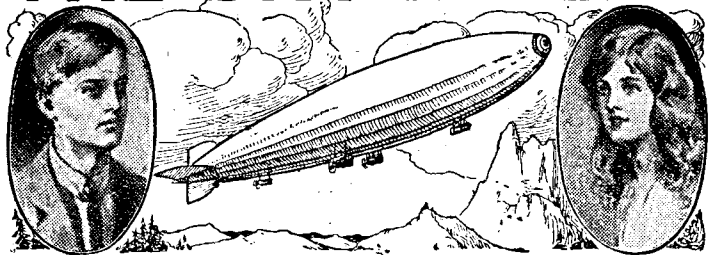
"Présentez votre main, Monsieur," lui dit sévèrement le professeur. L'élève présenta sa main droite. Le professeur la regarda un instant et dit:

"Si vous pouvez trouver dans toute la classe une main plus sale que celle-ci, je vous pardonnerai."

L'élève tendit alors sa main gauche et dit: "En voici une, Monsieur."



# THE SKY RIDERS



## A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

### What Has Happened Before

Cyril Hamer's father, Mr. Martin Hamer, has built a model of an ingenious new type of airship which he offers to his employer, Mortimer Carne, the millionaire owner of the great Ajax Works, who does not accept.

Meanwhile, Bertram Kent, who had been a partner of Carne, steals the plans, and three months later kidnaps Stella Earle, who is Carne's niece and Cyril's great chum. Stella is taken away in an airship built from the stolen plans.

A letter is received from Kent in which he offers to restore Stella for £50,000 and all rights in the airship, which is patented, failing which she is to be left with a cannibal tribe.

A new ship, called the Avenger, is built, in which search is to be made for Kent, during which time Cyril and Tim M'Keown, a lad employed about the house, learn to fly dirigibles and aeroplanes.

Mr. Hamer invents a marvellous new explosive which he calls Stello, and excellent results are obtained on the first trial trip of the Avenger.

By means of some sand found in the envelope of Kent's letter, Cyril is able, with the help of an expert, to determine within a few hundred miles the whereabouts of Kent.

Mr. Hamer, Mr. Carne, Cyril, and Tim, with a crew of four, set out on their long quest just after midnight one night, and as they are taking off, a rocket, fired by some of Kent's accomplices, hits the ship and sets fire to the outer envelope. Thanks to the helium, the non-inflammable gas with which she is filled, very little damage is done, and they are able to continue their journey.

When Cyril and Tim awake early next morning, they are amazed to hear that they have reached Spain.

"Now the real hunt begins," says Cyril eagerly.

### CHAPTER 13

#### The Avenger's Double

Just thirty hours after leaving Manchester the crew of the Avenger sighted the coast of Africa. They had crossed Spain, skirted south of the Balearic Islands, and the first part of Africa they saw was the bold headland of Cape Negro, which is a little to the west of Tunis.

Far to the north-east, a mere cloud against the blue Mediterranean sky, lay the island of Sicily.

The boys had been out of their hammocks since earliest dawn, and stood together, leaning out of one of the big windows of the middle gondola, their eyes fixed upon the coast of the vast, mysterious continent, deep in the recesses of which Bertram Kent had hidden little Stella Carne.

Flying at a great height the airship drove steadily southwards, and every minute the coastline grew clearer.

Tim turned a puzzled face to Cyril.

"Ye told me it was desert we was coming to. But this country—faith, 'tis green as Ould Ireland herself."

"Well, not quite that," smiled Cyril. "But you've got to remember, Tim; that we're still a long way off the Sahara. This is all old settled country with a fairly good rainfall, lots of people, and fruit groves and farms. Once we've crossed those mountains which you can see on the sky-line, there'll be all the desert you want, and more, too, I can tell you."

Cyril felt a touch on his arm, and, turning, saw his father.

"Still going strong, Cyril," he smiled. "I came to tell you that breakfast is ready. Yes; I know how keen you are to see all there is to be seen, but you'll kindly come and eat your food first."

The air at three thousand feet is a fine tonic; and the boys managed to put away an amazingly good meal in a wonderfully short time. Then they were back at their posts of observation. By this time the Avenger was over the land, and sweeping over orange and olive groves, big fields of grain, and flat-roofed houses startlingly white under the blaze of the morning sun.

Then the mountains climbed against the sky, and the airship cocked her nose and climbed, too. In a little more than an hour she was over them; and the boys looked down upon a tangle of barren peaks, with deep, narrow valleys between, and water courses edged with strips of brilliant green.

Another hour, and the mountains sank to hills, and beyond them lay the edge of the vast desert.

Tim drew a long breath.

"'Tis like the end of the world!" he said in Cyril's ear.

Cyril nodded. The sight awed him. As far as eye could see lay ridge upon ridge of sand-hills, dull red in colour. They were of every shape and size, and over them blew the desert wind, drifting their substance like dry snow, pulling down one dune and building up another. Far away to the left was a dark line where a caravan track cut through the dunes, but nothing was moving upon it. Not a sign of life was visible on all the vast expanse of ever-shifting sand.

"Is it all like this?" asked Tim in an awed voice.

"Not a bit of it, Tim. There's all sorts in the Sahara. There's a desert of stones beyond this, and then more sand and salt lakes and mountains, and all sorts of things."

"And how far does it go?" asked Tim.

"Well, we've come a good way, haven't we? If we went on twice as far we should still be over desert."

Tim gave a low whistle. It was the first time he had ever been out of the British Isles, and the size of the world he lived in almost frightened him.

Towards mid-day they had passed the sand-hills which lie in an enormous crescent around the north and west of the Sahara, and, as Cyril had said, came upon the desert of stones. It looked like all the beaches in the world rolled into one, but every here and there was broken by salt-pans, which glared white as snow-fields among the endless reaches of pebbles. Passing this they came to more sand, but this flat as a floor.

"There's camels!" said Tim suddenly.

"A caravan," Cyril answered. "Look at the Arabs in their white burnouses. They're coming up out of the south, with dates or spices or saltpetre."

"And will they be crossing them sand-hills?" asked Tim.

"They have to; but they'll take weeks where we've taken hours."

"Faith! I'd rather be up here than down there," said Tim. "Will ye look at them dust clouds spinning,

Misther Cyril? Ye'd think they was trying to catch them niggers."

He pointed as he spoke to two tall columns of sand which danced wildly across the great expanse.

"Watch them. They're getting bigger!" cried Tim. "Sure that near one's as high as the big chimney at the old Ajax Works!"

"It's a jolly sight higher than that," declared Cyril. "It's half-way up to us already, and rising every minute. Strikes me this is the starting point of a regular sandstorm."

"Them two's joined together!" exclaimed Tim. "Ah, and there's more lifting! Will ye look at them? 'Tis cutting off the whole country they are!"

Sure enough, the spouts were becoming more numerous every moment, and all the desert to the west was hidden by a vast dun-coloured cloud. The Arabs were off their horses, the camels were kneeling, the men had covered their heads with their blankets. Another moment, and the sand-storm swept down upon them, and hid them from sight under its gloomy pall.

The great swirl rose higher every moment. The water-ballast tanks of the dirigible were opened, and she rose too. Even so, wheeling gusts of scorching air caught and swung her dizzily. For a moment she was almost out of control, but the water continued to pour out, and presently she was out of the reach of the tempest and sailing serenely above it.

Cyril shivered.

"Those poor beggars!" he muttered. "What wouldn't they have given for a few gallons of that water we've had to chuck away!"

"'Tis a lot we've wasted," replied Tim rather gravely. "I'm thinking we'll have a job to fill them tanks again."

Cyril nodded, but his eyes were

long way beneath her and somewhat to the east. Though half hidden at times by the whirling summits of the vast sand clouds, her shape was clear enough.

Tim turned to Cyril.

"'Tis an airship, sure enough, and I'm thinking it must be Kent's; but will ye tell me how it is she isn't swept away by them whirlwinds? Sure, she's ridin' as steady as we ourselves."

"It beats me," said Cyril, shaking his head. "I'll fetch Dad. He must see this."

He hurried aft, to where his father was poring over a map, and fairly dragged him to the window.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"It must be Kent's ship. There can't be another so like our own."

Leaning out of the window, Mr. Hamer stared hard for a moment or two at the great cigar-shaped form which seemed to swim on the surface of the huge sand cloud. Then he drew in his head, and, to Cyril's amazement, he was smiling.

"No; it's not Kent's," he said.

"Then, for goodness' sake, what is it?" demanded Cyril.

Mr. Hamer laughed outright.

"It's ours!" he said.

Cyril's jaw dropped. "Ours?" he repeated, utterly mystified.

"The double of ours, I should have said," answered his father. "In other words, a reflection of the Avenger on the surface of the great cloud beneath."

Cyril drew a long breath. Tim laughed outright.

"Faith! I never was better fooled in me life. Is it what they call a mirridge, sorr?"

"A mirridge?" repeated Mr. Hamer, puzzled for a moment. "Oh, a mirage, you mean! No, it's not that, but just a reflection. But you'll see mirages before you

and robbers, but only a few, such as the Touaregs, are really dangerous."

Cyril was going to ask about the Touaregs, but at that moment Saunderson came up and called Mr. Hamer away.

The Avenger passed on, the storm was lost in the distance, and presently a range of barren blue mountains became visible a long way to the south-east. Cyril had a look at the map.

"The Tasili Range, they call it," he said. "Look, Tim! There's actually some greenstuff. 'Pon my word, they're real trees!"

Tim shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't wonder at anything now," he observed.

Two hours passed, and the airship had passed the eastern end of the hills and was crossing a rolling country seamed with deep, dry water-courses. She was coming lower, and presently a brilliantly green patch showed up against the yellow sand.

"There's Tamait," cried Cyril. "Are we going down, Dad?"

"We are going over it just to see if all is safe. This is no country in which to take chances," answered his father.

At a height of only three hundred feet the Avenger sailed across the oasis. Feathery green palms surrounded a little blue lake, and were reflected in the calm water.

"Sure, 'tis the prettiest thing I iver did see," declared Tim. "'Twas worth crossing that ould desert just to get here."

As there was no sign of life in the oasis, the Avenger was brought to ground just outside the ring of palms, and moored by her patent anchor to a spring cable. The sand was soft; there was no wind. Presently her crew were all stretching their stiff legs on the desert.

Leaving two men on guard, the rest took aluminium buckets and went off towards the lake. The tanks had to be filled before dark, and there was not too much time.

It was hard work, and when it was finished Cyril begged his father to allow him and Tim to have a dip before supper.

Before answering Mr. Hamer focussed his powerful fieldglasses and swept the country round. Then he nodded. "Very well," he said, "but I shall only give you half an hour. Then you must be back here."

In huge delight the two rushed off, and, flinging off their clothes, hurled themselves into the lake.

After the baking heat of the day the cool, clear water was a joy.

"Life's worth living even in this howlin' desert!" cried Tim in high delight. "'Deed, and I don't think I iver enjoyed anything so much."

The pair dived and swam and played all sorts of pranks, and, of course, forgot the time. It was Tim who first realised how late it was getting.

"Hurry, Misther Cyril," he cried. "The sun's tumbled out o' the sky, and it'll be dark in two twinks."

He was right. There is no twilight in the desert. Down goes the sun, out come the stars, and it is night before you realise it.

The pair were dressing with all speed when they heard a shout from the direction of the airship.

"Didn't I tell ye?" said Tim. "'Tis the masher calling us."

"All right; we're coming," shouted back Cyril, but the words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a strange drumming noise, which grew like a storm.

"What's that?" he asked sharply. His answer was a rattle of rifle shots and the whine of bullets through the night.

Next moment mounted figures came racing out of the gloom, galloping furiously up out of the desert.

"It's Arabs—raiders, Tim!" gasped Cyril. "Run like fury, or we'll be cut off!"

TO BE CONTINUED



Suddenly Cyril clutched Tim's arm, and pointed. "Look at that! It's—it's Kent's airship—and—and she's caught in the simoon!"

fixed upon the gigantic cloud beneath. It now resembled a huge thunderstorm, and had taken on a deep purple colour. Its appearance was positively terrifying. Suddenly he clutched Tim's arm, and pointed.

"Look at that! It's—it's Kent's airship—and—and she's caught in the simoon!"

### CHAPTER 14

#### The Raiders

Hardly able to believe their eyes the two boys stared downwards at the object to which Cyril had pointed. It was an airship which seemed to be of much the same shape and size as the Avenger herself, but floated a

leave Sahara, Tim—plenty of them; but to see them you must be on ground level. And that reminds me—we must refill those tanks which we have nearly emptied, and we must do it quickly too."

"Don't know what you'll fill them with unless it's sand, Dad," said Cyril.

"No; we shall find water," answered his father quietly. "There is a small oasis about two hundred miles to the south; Tamait, they call it. I propose to descend there if it seems safe."

"Natives, you mean?" suggested Cyril.

"Yes; there are wild tribes everywhere. Nearly all are thieves





# There is Fun in Everything if We Can Find It



## Dr. MERRYMAN

**TEACHER:** "And why should we endeavour to rise by our own efforts?"  
**Johnnie Wise:** "Because there's no telling when the alarm clock will go wrong."

### Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?  
*Answers next week*

### The Vicious Circle

WAR begets poverty, poverty peace,  
 Peace begets plenty and abundant increase.  
 Riches is pride, pride is war's ground;  
 War begets poverty, and so goes the round.

### Do You Live in Carmarthenshire?

CARMARTHENSIRE is the shire, or district, of Carmarthen, the modern spelling of the old Roman Maridunum, meaning the fort or dun by the sea. The name was shortened to Marthen, and Caer, a fortress or city, was prefixed.

**Why is Sunday the strongest day?**  
 Because all the others are week days.

### A Calendar Puzzle

As you know, Christmas and New Year's Day fall upon the same day of the week. Yet in 1920 they will not do so. Can you say why? Because it is the New Year's day of the succeeding year that falls on the same day of the week as Christmas, not the New Year's Day and Christmas of the same year.

### Gone Out

"WHAT? Master and mistress gone out?"  
 "Indeed," replies John, "sir, 'tis true."  
 "I'll wait, and sit down by the fire."  
 "You can't, sir, for that's gone out too."

### The Sawyer's Saw

A SAWYER ordered a new saw, and when it arrived he tested it and found that it worked splendidly. "Well," he said, "of all the saws that ever I saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws."

**Why the Nose is in the Middle**  
 SURE the nose has a most appropriate place, And if doubt into your noddle enter Why 'tis assigned the middle of the face, I'll tell you, friend, because it is the scenter.

### Take Care of the Pence

A FATHER told his small son that he would put aside for him a farthing the first week of the New Year, a halfpenny the second, a penny the third, and so on, doubling the amount each week for a year. He soon found, however, that he could not carry out his promise, being only a millionaire. He found the weekly sum growing alarmingly, and when he worked it out discovered that to fulfil his promise to his son he would need £4,691,249,611,844 5s. 3½d.

### Poser

If the margarine goes by train, will the butter fly?

### More Things You Never See

A CHILD bounce the ball of the eye.  
 Teeth in the mouth of a river.  
 A farmer make sheaves of the corn on the foot.  
 Jewels in the crown of the head.  
 An engine draw a bride's train.  
 Lashes on the eye of a needle.  
 A stud in a horse's collar.  
 Fingers on the hands of a clock.  
 A nose on the face of a watch.  
 A man pack clothes in the trunk of a tree.  
 Tocs on a foot-measure.  
 A fight when the clock strikes the hour.  
 Kernels in the stones in the road.

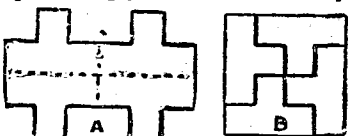
### AND YOU NEVER HEAR

The River Wye ask a question.  
 The mouth of a river speak.

A WAGGISH visitor heard the schoolmaster during a grammar lesson explain to the boys that the distinguishing adjective *a* could not be used before a plural noun. "You cannot say a pigg, a women, or anything of that kind," said the master. "Oh, yes, you can," interrupted the visitor. "You can say A-men."

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Making the Square  
 To transform Fig. A into a square simply cut as indicated by



the dotted lines, and arrange the four pieces as in B.

### More Jacko Next Week

## Adventures of Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

### CHAPTER 4

They trudged on for a while without speaking, and Molly, being uneasy, was the first to break the silence.

"How are we to reach Africa, Hoity?" she asked. "We can't walk all the way."

"Nobody said we could, stupid," snapped Hoity. "It will take us two days, or perhaps three, to get to London; then we'll find a ship and be stowaways. I've planned it. I'll show you how we'll do it."

After about two hours of walking Molly could not help thinking of her cosy bed at home, and might possibly have cried, but she knew that if she did Hoity would say it was just like a girl, and be disgusted with her. Even he was tired at last, however, and said:

"Now we have gone so far, I think we are all right, so let's nip into that field and have a rest."

There was a monster haystack in the field, and when he had



After about two hours of walking, Molly thought of her cosy bed at home



They made a quick breakfast on bread-and-butter and cake



The dog made a rush past, but the stone hit it



Seeing only Molly, the dog let her catch it and pat its head

pulled out a lot of hay to make a kind of cave, they crawled in, curled themselves up together, and were soon asleep.

They must have slept for some hours, for they woke, by and by, to find it was broad daylight and the sun shining.

"Now for some breakfast, then we must hurry on," remarked Hoity. "She may borrow old Worgle's motor-car and chase us, so we'd better look sharp."

They made a quick feast on bread-and-butter and cake, and took the road again.

"Sure we are going the right way?" ventured Molly.

"Can't you see the finger-post, 'Thirty-nine miles to London'?" said Hoity. "We might go by rail, but we'll need the money later on."

It was at this point that Molly noticed a shaggy yellow dog with no tail and bright, friendly eyes trotting towards them; but Hoity disliked dogs, and as it came to fuss round them he shooed it away and suddenly picked up a stone.

The dog made a rush past, but the stone hit it, and it yelped, and Molly, crying, "Oh, Hoity, that is cruel," ran after the poor thing, calling it to stop.

At first the dog glanced back and was too frightened to wait, but soon, seeing only Molly, it paused and let her catch it and pat its head, and talk soothingly.

She gave it a piece of cake, and it licked her hand and was so grateful that it wanted to follow her.

"We can't be bothered with beastly dogs," blustered Hoity, "and don't you waste any more of our cake on them."

But before long he was glad Molly had been so kind to the little creature, as we shall see.

*More Next Week*

## The Poet Warrior

ONE of the saddest stories of real life is of a little boy of whom it has been said that his mother was a vixen and his father a rascal. His early training did not tend to build up a strong character; yet that he was capable of most generous impulses is proved again and again in his story.

He was a cripple from birth, and at school when he played in a cricket match another boy had to run for him.

One day an ill-natured old lady visited his mother and said something to offend him. For this he went into a terrible rage, and wrote four lines of verse about her which were not very complimentary. He was ten years old at the time and this, his first attempt at poetry, was the merest doggerel; yet he came to be one of England's foremost poets.

His early years were spent in something like poverty, but when he was just over ten he became, by the death of a grand-uncle, a peer of the realm. In the first year of the 19th century he was sent to Harrow school.

He next went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he played all sorts of silly pranks. Among other things he brought a bear into his college, "to sit for a fellowship." Cambridge is proud of him now, but it did not love him when he was at college.

A little later he published his first volume of poetry, which was severely criticised; whereupon he replied by publishing one of the most slashing satires in the language. Then he started travelling, and when in Turkey he swam across the Dardanelles.

He returned and published a poem, now famous, which ran into seven editions in a few weeks. Other poems followed in quick succession, and he became the pet of society. He married and had one daughter, but a year after his wedding his wife and he parted. The pet was condemned by the public, and he left England never to return.

With another famous poet and his clever wife he spent much time in Italy where he befriended the revolutionaries, and spent £1000 a year in charity among the poor. Finally he went to Greece to assist in the War of Independence. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of an army to attack Lepanto, but his health was bad, and his unruly troops mutinied, so that he had to pay them off.

The hard life and exposure led to a cold which developed into a fever and killed him on April 19, 1824. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name - Caroline Herschel

## Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke were working all one day upon a huge man-lifting kite, with which they hoped to play. At last the monster kite was done; they took it to a hill.



"I'll fly it first," Augustus said. Said Marmaduke, "I will." "You let it be," said Marmaduke; "it is too big for you." "You're wrong," Augustus said, "I am the stronger of the two." Both seized the string; up went the kite. Cried Marmaduke, "Oh my!

I really think it is your turn; I think I'll let you try." They got entangled in the string, and couldn't get away, and with the kite they had to go right out across the bay.

An aeroplane was whizzing by; it cut the string in two. And if the boys were saved or not I really do not know.



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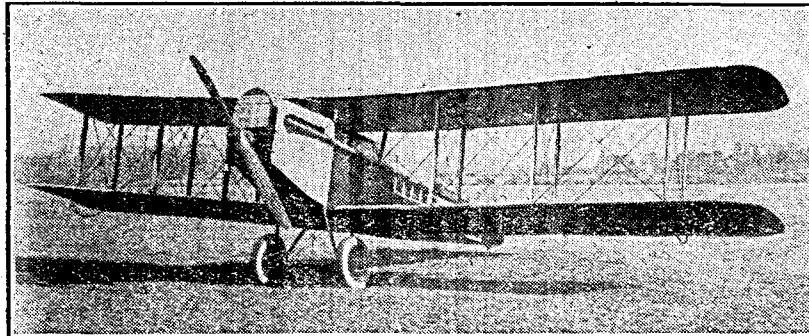
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## FLYING TO AUSTRALIA. ARAB SWORD FOR THE KING. "ALL CLEAR" MEDALS



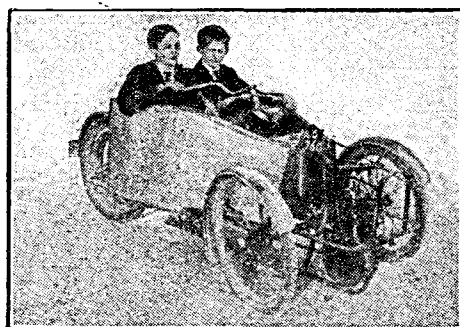
Captain Matthews, the pilot in charge of the British flight to Australia



The Sopwith aeroplane that is attempting to win the £10,000 prize for the first flight from England to Australia



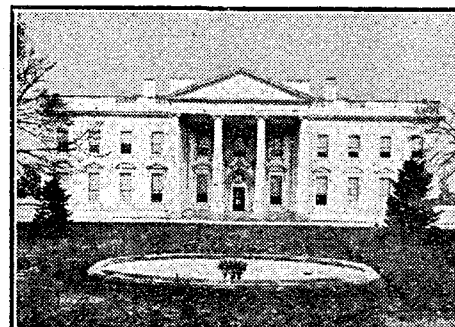
Sergeant Tom Kay, assistant pilot in the Australian flight



A clever schoolboy driving a friend in a cycle-car made by himself



Arab chiefs, with the sword they have brought to the King in London



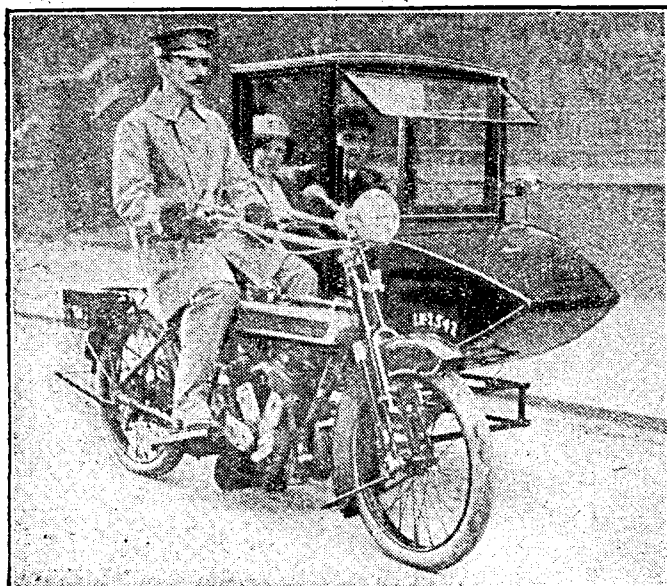
The White House, where President Wilson is lying ill



Phyllis Clay, aged 13, and the 47-pound salmon she caught



John Shell, of Kentucky who is said to be 132, the oldest man alive



London's new cycle taxi-cab—a side-car for two that may become popular



William Huxtable and the child he saved from drowning. See page two



London's "all clear" scouts wearing the medals just presented for gallant service in air-raids